Gang Starr Lyrics

"Mass Appeal"

[Verse 1: Guru] No way you'll never make it Come with the weak shit, I break kids Step into my zone, mad rhymes will stifle ya Lines like rifles go blast when I kick some ass A lot of rappers be like one time wonders Couldn't say a fly rhyme if there was one right under Their noses, I hate those motherfuckin posers But I'm so real to them it's scary And with my unique skills nag you can't compare me And no we don't make wack tracks and all the suckers get pushed back when I'm kickin real facts I represent set up shit like a tent boy You're paranoid cause you're my son like Elroy And you'd be happy as hell to get a record deal Maybe your soul you'd sell to have mass appeal

[Verse 2:]

Oh yes I'm greater than all MC's when I breeeze give me room please I be like fascinatin when I be updatin Cuttin off wack kids, pullin their trump cards I thump hard, and mak eem say that I'm God Niggaz be pretendin they hardcore Never know the meaning of (real hardcore) But I get props like a slogan and no man Could ever try to diss when I kicks my jam Lyrically def and connecting complete mic wrecking No double checking vocals kill like weapons But if I have to I go all out with no mic Yeah that's right cause I survived mad fights And for my peeps I truly care Cause without some of them I wouldn't be here And they all know how I feel Cause suckers be like playin themselves to have mass appeal

[Verse 3:]

I know I'm dope but don't wet that
I've suffered setbacks but now I'm makin greenbacks
Just like baggy slacks I'm crazy hip-hop
Check one two and you don't stop
Your head'll bop when I drop my crop
of pure bomb, just like the seashore I'm calm
But wild, with my monotone style
Because I don't need gimmicks
Gimme a fly beat and I'm all in it
Word is bond I go on and on
For you it's tragic I got magic like wands

So I'ma end this lecture and I betcha
Those who kick dirt and do time I'm gonna get cha
Cause I be kickin the real
While they be losin the race tryin to chase mass appeal